Press Our Own Correspo

DENVER CITY, Sept. 17, 1860. Barly on Thursday morning-our second day among the mountains-we made hasty toilets, with the brook for a mirror; breakfasted, and pesumed our journey, through two rugged cañons, with a smooth, grassy valley between. Landolides have left their broad, bare-tracks through the forest down many of the hill-sides. That Sincinnati author, who, forty years ago, objected to the name "Rocky," as inapplicable to these mountains, evidently wrote of things he had not seen. The endless masses of disintegrating rock setume a great variety of forms. One huge, granitie chair overlooks a little kingdom of mountain and valley; but the Titan who sat upon it was long age dethroned, in one of Nature's terrible convuland hurled gigantic bowlders about like pebbles.

The burdens begin to bang like mill-stones about car necks, enabling us to appreciate for the first time the emotions of a pack-mule, and in my own mind provoking the inquiry whether a man who will carry twenty seven pounds of blankets up the mountains, is not of the long-eared species himself? At 11 o'clock, a cold, violent rain set in. Halfdrenched and shivering, we reached the shelter of a shelving rock upon a hill-side; with difficulty kin-dled a fire, and dined upon a rabbit which had surreadered unconditionally to Mr. Blunt's revolver. The only true philosophy of getting wet is to get seaked. Moist clothing brings a hesitating discom-fort; but in feeling that every thread is drenched, there is a kind of desperate satisfaction. So, leaving the leaders in their dismal retreat, we went out ripe raspberries, which were very abundant, and then returned, bearing cups of the delicious fruit native offerings to the damp divinities.

In song and conversation, reading and whistplaying, the afternoon wore away. Early in the evening our robust Colorado friends, who had gone a mile or two beyond our camp, passed by on their return, baving given up the trip as too severe for them. We gathered an ample supply of woed. The dead pines, often six inches in diameter and twenty or thirty feet high, were easily overturned, their brittle roots snapping like pipe-stems. As th fire was our only solace, we piled on the logs until the red flames leaped high into the air and chased the thick darkness far away. Four of us huddled under the rock, while the fifth, as the least of two evils, sat grimly in the open air, wrapped in his blanket and brooding upon destiny. The rain became very violent, and the natural roof, sloping, enfortunately, in the wrong direction, showered the water upon us in melancholy profusion.

After many lachrymose and dismal jests, which ertainly did not originate in dry wit, my co-tenants one by one dropped asleep. My own recollection of that procrustean bed extends only to 11 o'clock, when I was wooing the drowsy god, with my legs in a mud puddle, a sharp rock piercing my ribs. and a stream of water pouring down my back. At midnight a general commotion awakened me; the air had grown very chill, and the whole party arose and sought the fire. After steaming for a few minutes before it, I crept as far as possible under the rock, rolled myself once more in a wet blanket, and slept soundly until morning, leaving my companions to muse on the beauties of nature. soen after daylight, they were still out in the rain, ranged around the camp-fire, sitting among the rocks in gloomy contemplation, like Marius amid the ruins.

We took our frugal breakfast that morning, as far as externals were concerned, a morose and inclan-choly group. We, the pack-bearers, carried our heads with great ragidity and belonged to a stiffgreat ragidity and belonged to a stiffsecked, if not a perverse generation. Less than half the journey was accomplished, and we had but one day's provisions remaining. One of the ladies had worn through the soles of her shoes in several places, and both were wet, chilled, and exhausted; but to our inquiries in regard to the feasibility of proceeding, they replied that they had started to ascend the Peak, and were going to the summit either with or without us! By 7 o'clock we are again climbing the slippery rocks; the rain ceases; the breaking clouds turn forth their silver hing,

"And genial morn appears
Like pensive beauty, smiling through her tears."

Behind and below us the valleys were submerged under an ocean of pure white clouds, with moun tain-summits here and there dotting its even surface in islands of purple and emerald. intervening hills, rose the Peak, mantled in fresh snow, with the path or digression up its barren side, clear and distinct. In the genial sun-light, for the first time in 24 hours, we began to experience the comfort of dry clothing. The hills, for thousands of acres, swept by vast conflagrations, were verdureless and black, thickly studde with tall pines and firs, leafless and branchless-like the wilderness of masts in a great sea-port. The valleys were shaded by graceful aspens, whose leaves quivered in the still air; and carpeted by lexuriant grass, rising almost to our faces, and in terspersed with bright flowers of pink and white blue, yellow, and purple. Our progress was greatly impeded by fallen tree-trunks, three and four fee above the ground, whose sharp and jagged branches, while climbing over them, were trying to the pa-tience of all—and especially to the meager skirts of

We dined luxuriously in a raspberry patch, where the ground was almost literally covered with the luscious fruit. Soon after, we struck the base of the Peak itself, and began climbing wearily up the steep rocky canon which extends to its very summit. The thin air rendered respiration very difficult, and at 5 o'clock we camped, greatly exhausted. The wild eyes and flushed faces of the ladies began to excite serious apprehensions, but they fell asleep almost instantly. In the midst of a sudden shower, two of us started for water. The stream-bed, ten yards distant, broke the word of promise to our hope-it was dry as the Sahara, and we had no alternative but to limp down the canon for half a mile. In something more than an hour, each bearing two companion had barely strength to articulate that he would only repeat the walk to save his dearest ng: I succeeded in gasping out an injunction to take precious care of the costly fluid,
and we sank upon the ground in utter exhauston.
But the strong tea, as usual, revived us all, and
we started on, just as the clouds broke, revealing,

in wondrous beauty, the mountains behind, with their narrow canen walls, opening out upon the great, dreary prairies beyond. One of the ladies was taken suddenly and violently ill; but, after a fit of vomiting, recovered with equal abruptness In half an hour we reached the verge of vegetation and camped for the night. We were just stretched beside a roaring fire, when another shower came on, drenching our blankets, and then turning to hail. Before 9 o'clock, Mr. Beach began to pay the penalty of his exposure and fatigue, by a distre rheumatism, which drove him from his bed, and kept him up, writhing in pain, during the whole night, but fortunately disappeared with daylight's

In the morning the ice was lying upon the ground so thick that we could gather it by handsfull. Though we all wore, like Cassius, "a lean and Though we all wore, like Cassius, ' hungry look," our scant larder could only afford to each a single small biscuit, a piece of meat somewhat larger than a silver dollar, and ample draughts of tea. At 5 o'clock, leaving our packs behind, we resumed the march in excellent spirits. We were in a dense forest of pines and firs; but vegetation ceases so abruptly that in ten minutes we stood upon the open, barren mountain side, with no green thing about us except a few flowers and beds of velvet grass among the rocks.

The remainder of the ascent is very abrupt. We fellowed the line, which in the distance had apenormous gorge, more than a mile in width! The summit seemed very near; but we toiled on and on for hours, often climbing the sharp rocks upon our hands and knees. The rarity of the atmosphere rendered it impossible to go more than a hundred feet without pausing for breath; but in the grand seenery we forget our fatigue and remembered our weariness no more. The ladies seemed imbued with new life, and at one point astonished us by singing, in full, strong voices.

mountain sheep—an animal of wonderful agility. In leaping down the high rocks—often an iscredible distance—the strike upon their hard, convex horns, which nature has so formed as to break the fall and receive the most violent concussions with-out injury. The sky assumed a deeper and richer blue, and the spots of snow and ice began percep-tibly to enlarge. Even here the flowers did not detibly to enlarge. Even here the lowers and how as sert us; but hundreds of tulip-shaped blossoms, of faint yellow mingled with purple, opened their meek eyes through the freshly-fallen snow. It was worth all our toil to see the cheek of June, with its purple flush, nestle among the silver locks of December.

Finally, the highest flower and the last blade of grass were behind us; and before, only rocks piled upon rocks. The path up Mount Washington is a Macadamized road in comparison with this route. It became difficult to avoid falling asleep during our brief pauses; but we pressed steadily on. Jus low the top, we turned southward from a direct course, to look down a fearful chasm known as the 'Crater." It is half a mile in width, nearly circular, inclosed by abrupt walls of irregular, ting rocks, and apparently from 1,200 to 1,500 feet in depth; but I detected no signs of volcanic agency. We succeeded in dislodging a few huge rocks which hung upon the verge; and they went rolling down the side, leaping from ledge to ledge, rebounding like balls of India rubber, and, long after they disappeared from view, crashing and reverberating in the valley below, like distant thunder. One shelv-ing rock, everbanging the verge, affords to the spectator, lying flat upon his face, a fine view of the yawning abyse but trembles so perceptibly upon its insecure foundation as to detract materially

from the enjoyment of the scene. Passing the two patches of "old" snew, which proved banks ten rods across and more than three feet in depth, at 11 o'clock of the fourth day from Colorado we stood upon the summit of Pike's Peak, 14,500 feet above the sea. The female members of our party-Mrs. MARK L. BLUNT from Boston, and Miss Addle M. Smith from Derry, N. H .- were the first ladies who ever a complished the ascent, and richly earned whatever of immortality the small caps of THE TRIBUNE can give

them. In another and concluding letter I will attempt to tell what we saw from the summit. A. D. R.

THE WOES OF KANSAS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

MANHATTAN, RILEY Co., Kansas, Oct. 5, 1860, I know very well to what an extent the elections claim the attention of the people of the States, but please allow us a space in your generous columns to tell them what, perhaps, many do not yet know. Kan-

sas has passed through one of the most blighting, with-

ering drouths to which any but an absolutely rainless country was ever subjected. In the southern and south-western Counties of this

Territory rain has not fallen, unless within a very recent period, for more than one year! Spring Wheat was a total failure, but farmers cared little about its loss, for their main dependence was placed upon their corn, which up to this time has been the principal crop, and one, too, which many farmers supposed never would fail. But June came, and no rain, not even the accustomed dew, and men began to grow anxious. Those whose little homesteads were mortgaged for and warrants, and who depended upon a bountiful barvest to liquidate the debt, seriously talked about a failure of the corn crop; but the mass said, "No; we have seen it far dryer than this, and we had good con. We shall have good corn this Fall. But the sun continued to rise and set in a brazen, het sky, and no signs of rain till late i July. People began to believe a famine was at our doors, and they diligently planted buck when and other late crops, hoping that a late rain would bring them something if the corn went; and so their hopes have been disappointed from one thing to another, until the awful reality has burst upon them that suffering and death are in their midst from starvation! I allude now to Southern and South-western Kansas. Their waters are mostly dried up, and people now pass over the ricky beds of streams, the bottoms of which the Indians say they never saw before. Scarcely a spear of anything is to be seen where last year cattle could easily secrete themselves from their owners in the tall luxuriant grass. The only feed for cattle is obtained in the low bot ome and among the young cotton woods that skirt the dried beds of former running brooks, crocks and rivers. People are compelled to drive their estile in many instances fifteen or twenty miles for water, and young trees upon which to browse. Cartle are too poor for beef, and hogs, those not already dead, are entirely unfit for food, save in a few excepional cases, where the owner has old corn to fe tional cases, where the owner has old cern to feed them. Not a garden vegetable has been raised this year in all that vicioity, except perhaps a few radishes or some early vegetables. That entire country, usually so beautiful and productive, now presents a scene of desolation scarcely ever before witnessed!

Many of the families came from New England and New-York, and have always been accustomed, if not to every lumnery, at least to all the necessaries and conveniencies of a good home. Some of the beads of families are advanced in years, and it is heart-rending to see them sit down to their scanty meal of corn-bread and water, for in but few instances do cows give milk,

and water, for in but few instances do cows give milk and water, for in but less instances to cove give an interfece its opport and insufficient! Not one far mer in twenty has any money, and scarcely any clothes for himse f and family, and all this as they are being carried into a cold, cold Winter, and with no hopes till another harvest! God, in His infinite mercy, has seen another harvest! God, in this limited mersy, the sendone noble soul to investigate this matter. Hon. Thaddens Hyatt of your city has been riding night
and day through the South and South-west, and
is ding all in his power to arouse the attention
of people in the States to the true condition of
these settlers. He has already sent hope and confidence to thousends ready to perish. They will
rise up and call him blessed! His work is an arduous
one, and rendered still more so by the cry of some
unfeeling letter-writers, and a very few local papers
that he is "making a speculation out of this," and
"keeping people from settling in Kaness." Shame on
the heartiess man who invests such a cry without investigation, and those who do investigate, take hold
with all their might with Mr. Hyatt. The people of
the counties referred to have been leaving at the rate of
two hundred a week for a long time, and one object
Mr. Hyatt and those human men have who are
working with him is to keep our settlers here! They
den't want to go, but unless assistance comes they
must go or starve!! The real condition of Southern
Kaness cennot be exaggerated! Go to the Minister
of the General and to the Physician, to whom such ne not le soul to investigate this matter. Kanses espect be exaggerated! Go to the Minister of the Gospel and to the Physician, to whom such people open their mind and heart, and they will tell you stories of Southern Kensus that will malt the heart anything but a stone !!!

In the west-specially in Riley, Potawatamie Wabonea, Davis, and Chay Counties—we have had during the Summer occasional showers, but the amount of corn harvested is very insignificant; many fields of ty and seventy-five acres will not yield an ear! not very little wheat was raised, and that now eells for \$2 per bushel. Scarcely a garden vegetable has been grown; and although in the Spring corn sold for 20 cenne ser bushel, it was very nearly all disposed of; now it sells in our atreets for \$1. As I ride around now it sells in our atreets for \$1. As the around through this country it makes my heart sche to see the amount of destitution in many families. They must have help from some source or they will perish. The sick poor have no money with which to procure necessary medicines, and of course no way of paying physicians. A docation from some of our large Eastern dram houses of the ordinary drags needed in this clisicians. A deceased riom some of our large based of drug bouses of the ordinary drugs needed in this climate of intermittent diseases would be most thankfully received—say from Schieffelin & Co., Tilden & Co., or othere; for the physicians have been magnanimous, and have devoted their entire time with a mera pitand have devoted user that with a have to pay money for medicines, and this cannot always last. A Relief Committee has been formed in this county, and an examination—a very superfital and partial one—has been made, and we have resolved to take care of our own destitute citizens. Many of them asriously need a loan to save their property from the hands of greedy a ionn to save their property from the rands of greedy speculators to whom it is morigaged. If some good, in ble-couled capitalist would send an agent or come this way with money to loan at from 10 to 20 per cent on first-class security, it would be a godsend to many who next year will had themselves homeless.

Many letters go East denying Mr. Hyatt's statements, and warning the people against this speculation! There are those here, too, who say, knowing how terrible is the destitution, "we must not let the East know thisthe destitution, "we must not let the least are well"it will step emigration, and kill Kanaas!" Not so.
As I said before, Mr. Hyatt and his cooperators are doing all in their power to save our citizous from going
East. Hundreds of families within my knowledge
would go east, had they the means to travel, unless
they were assured that assistance would come to us in
some absence of these

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

Many turis of wool indicated the haunts of the soonged—there having been in many counties no rain

for thirteen months! and here only a little over four inches have failen for more than a year—this terrible drouth, I say, will not in the least dapopulate Kaosas or discaurage her farmers. It is a test that will bring thoreands of good farmers here. Kaosas comes out of this fiery ordeal brighter and fairer than ever. What if New England or New York had been subjected to such a state of things? Or even indians or Illinois? Why, there would not have been a green thing within their limits. Their forest trees would have withered and dried up, whereas, without any rain at all we have got something to show.

The future of Kaneas is fixed and glorious With a climate as salubrious as any in this world, and a soil

a climate as salubrious as any in this world, and a soil as productive as any upon which the sun shines she carnot fail to be a glerious State. But remember—sh, in God's name remember!—that no amount of letters trying to cover up our desitation can alleviate the sufferings of these hungering for bread. "It is more blessed to give then to receive." J. W. Rozinson.

FROM PORTLAND TO MT. DESERT.

VI.

I went on deck before sunrice next morning, to see how Pulpit Harbor looked at that hour. The westher was clear and mild, and the Meganticook peaks were dpped with the rosy hnes of dawn, while we lay still in deep shade w. I found the Pilot sitting on the taff rail, pipe in mouth, and absorbed in the study of the sewildering inscriptions on a package of yeast powder which he had bought at Portland. He was evidently meditating some great stroke of culinary art. By much severe scrutiny and some muttered spelling, he at last mastered the directions on the package, and proseeded to open it with the air of a man who at length knew what he was about. I ventured to inquire what was in the wind. He answered, with his wonted brev

ity and directness, "Flapjacks." By the time the flapjacks were concocted and the frying-pan ready for their reception, we were all on seck and intently observing the process of preparing them. The old man ponred a quantity of the batter into his pan, which was already s zaling with fat, and when the huge cake was sufficiently done, proceeded to turn it with a knife. He did not succeed very well in this difficult operation, and the Assyrian re-

monstrated: "That's a lubberly way of doing it, Uncle Widger. You should loosen the flapjack with your knife, and then, taking the frying-pan is your hand, throw the dapjack into the air in such a way that it will turn a somersault and come down soft side into the pan-That's the way to turn flapjacks."

"I should like to see you do it," said the old man. "Do it!" rejoined the confident Assyrian; "I can do tas easy as I can eat the flapjack after it is done. Here, let me take your knife and I'll show you the trick !

He carefully loosened the flapjack from the bottom of the pan, and then, seizing the haudle with both bands, while we stood aside to give him room, he toesed up the frying pan with considerable force, giving, as the same time, a scientific twist to his wrists for the purpose of making the flapjack turn over in the air, while he stood ready to catch it. Unlackily, this last flourish was not successful, for the flapjack, instead of falling perpendicularly, went with a slant over the stern into the sea.

The discomfited Assyrian made no attempt to retrieve this disaster by trying again, but silently handed back the frying-pan to the Pilet, and took refuge in the cabin. The mirth of the old man at his instructor's failure was pleasant to behold. He laughed and chuckled with infinite glee, and though he made great efforts to suppress his merriment and preserve a sober aspect, his delight ran over perpetually at his eyes and would break out every few minutes into a sudden roar. It was not till breakfast was over, and we had made sail and got out of the harbor and on the open sea, that he resumed his wonted gravity.

Our course was north-east, toward Deer Island, on the eastern side of Penobacot Bay. This island is ten miles long by five miles broad and has two or three thousand inhabitants. We sailed for several hours through a group of smaller islands, steering for a channel which, on the chart, ran between Deer Island and Little Deer Island, and communicated with Edgemoggin Reach. On reaching the spot indicated on the chart as a navigable strait, we found it, to our asten ishment, dry land, and were forced to come to anchor near a number of fishing-vessels which, like ourselves, had apparently been caught in this trap.

On inquiry we learned that the strait was passable only at high water, and, while waiting for the tide to rice, the Professor and the Assyrian went out in the dory to dredge, while the Artist and I rambled over the rocky bottom of the channel through which, when it should be filled by the tide, our vessel was to sail into Edgemoggin R-ach. It was a broad, irregular, ragged chasm, worn at parently by the action of the water, and its high, rocky shores were honey-combed with caves and gul-Behind a huge promontory, at which our stroll terminated, we found about a dozen young ladies arrayed in pantaloons and long leather boots, hard at work digging clams, which they put into backets and sarried on their shoulders to a large soow lying in the mud not far off.

They were a lively set of damsels, and had a pleasant propensity for playing practical jokes upon each other of rather a rough sort. We amused ourselves by watching their gambols and their labors, and by etorting the occasional gibes with which they favored ns, until the rising tide obliged them to desist from work. After a smart skirmish among themselves, in which their backets and handsful of mud were freely used as missiles, they embarked in their scow and rowed away, with a parting injunction to us to g home to our anxious mothers in time for tea.

At 2 p. m. it was bigh tide, and the Skipper, who had been on shore seeking for a pilot, came on board with one of the Deer Islanders, a singularly queerlooking fellow, who had offered for half a dollar to pavigate the sloop through the channel. We hoisted sail immediately, and, with a boisterons wind, were soon scadding over the places on which I had walked ary-shed but a few hours before. It was a sufficiently perilons passage. There was little enough water any where, and the channel was diversified by huge patches of rock, some sanken and others rising to the surface. Our new pilot, instead of attending to his duty, gave bimself wholly up to the contemplation of a heap of sea-concumbers, the fruit of the Professor's dredging. which lay on deck. He was very voluble when he first came on board, but the moment his eyes lighted on these strange animals he was struck dumb with astonish ment. He fell on his bands and knees before the bea; which be scrutinized in every possible way, by hand-Hog, smelling, and touching with his tongue. Mean time we were running at a farious rate amid rocks and shoals, which the old pilot at the belm was avoiding as best he could, until the anxious Skipper, forgetting in alarm for our safety his habitual politeness, touched the new-comer with his foot, and told him to get up and mind his business. He rose reluctantly to his feet, his eyes still fixed on

the eea-encombers, exclaiming. "Lors-mighty, goah sinety, what ar ye goin to do with them?" "Cook 'em." said the Assyrian, who had been eve-

ing the fellow with intense diagnst, " and if we get on the rocks we'll cook you. So you had better look out

The hint was taken, and the islander, withdrawing his gaze from the sea-cucumbers, glauced at the surround ing waters, and presently gave to our old Pitot some directions how to steer. Here a new difficulty arose. The old man did not comprehend the terms used by the new comer, and for a while great confusion and percoaraged on the sloop, which seemed likely to terminate only in her going to pieces on the rocks. The two pilots grew angry and excited, and bawled their mutual wrath at each other from the adverse ends of the vessel, till the Skipper interposed, and took upon himself the part of interpreter.

For a little while everything went well enough, till the irresistible sea-cucumbers again attracted the islander's attention. Quitting his post at the bow, he ran to the heap, and fell again on his knees to examine them, asking at the same time a volley of incoherent

arm, led him back to the bow, where he talked to him carneatly for a minute or two, and then came aft to the cockpit, where we were all gathered. "The fellow 's as drunk as a loon," he whispered to us through his set teeth. "I didn't find it out till just now. Twill be a wonder if we ever get safe into the Reach with such a chap for pilot."

Here was a pleasant prospect, truly! The wind was blowing almost a gale, and, as we knew by our own examination while the tide was out, the channel through which we were passing abounded with reefs and shoals. The soberest Palinurus would have found is hard enough, apparently, to guide a vessel through, and we were trusting to the skill of a drunken leafer, whose wits at the best, were evidently none of the brightest or steadiest. To do the fellow justice. however, he did know the channel perfectly, and we get at last safely into Edgemoggin Reach, a broad sound, running for several miles between Deer Island and the mainland. With this sound our seamen were well acquainted, and besides, we had a good chart of it,

so that we needed no further pilotage. There was semething in the aspect of the Deer Islander which strongly excited theire of the Assyrian, who stepped up to him as he was about to get into the dery to be rowed ashore by the Skipper, and, taking him gently by the throat, solemaly admonished him never egain to undertake, while drunk, to act as pilot, assuring him that he had run a very close chance of being ilung overboard, and might not, on a second like occasion, escape so easily. He gave him a few shakes to rettle this advice in his memory, and then politely assisted him into the dory, which the Skipper was

holding alongside. The fellow appeared to be somewhat abashed by the Assyrian's pacting injunction and for a moment hung his head in sil-nce. But, before the Skipper had rowed a dozen strokes, the islander suddenly resumed his con fident air, and, calling to his companion to back water, as if he had forgotien something, stood up in the stern of the boat, with much difficulty keeping his balance, and addressed us with drunken gravity:

"I say, can't you give me some of them cowcamhere to take hum to my old womau?"

We lay-to till the Skipper returned, and then made a splendid run down Edgemoggin Reach, which from one end to the other was whise with foam. There cannot be a finer sheet of water in the world than this Reach, which is bounded on every side by superb views. Far before us, on the right, ross the blue summit of Isle Haut, as the early French navigators named it-a mountain rising from the waves. Before us the peaks of Mount Desert came gradually into view, at first misty and blue, then green and wooded, until, as we advanced, still loftier summits showed themselves in grim and stony desolation.

The approach to Mount Desert by sea is magnificent. The island is a mass of mountains crowded together, and seemingly rising from the water. As you draw near, they resolve themselves into thirteen distinct peaks, the highest of which is about two thousand feet above the neighboring ocean. It is difficult to conceive of any finer combination of land and water than this view, which has been admirably painted by Charles Dix. Certainly only in the tropics can it be excelledonly in the gorgeous islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans. On the coast of America, it has no rival, except, perhaps, at the Bay of Rio Janeiro.

None of us knew anything of the localities of Mount Desert, and we therefore put into the first harbor that we saw on the coast, which proved to be Bass Harbor. We landed about sunset, and, not finding the village very attractive, the Assyrian, the Artist, and I, started for South-west Harbor, which was described to us as the place of most resort on the island. The Professor, wishing to diedge in these waters which were new to him, preferred to remain on board with the seamenpremising to bring the sloop around to South-west Harber next day.

We could not obtain at Bass Harbor any conveyance -all the horses of the place being absent on some rustic excursion. So we walked through the forest for several miles after dark, and for the last hour of the way had a fine night-view of the mountains, serene and selemu in the mystical starlight. About 11 p. m. we reached our destination-a small public house, kept by a deacon, which had been recommended to us at Bass Harbor. We were cold, hungry, and exceedingly tired, and our hearts sank as we saw, on approaching the house, which we recognized by the description that had been given us, that no light was visible, and that

sparently everybody had gone to bed. "If they sleep here as soundly as they do at Owl's Head," said the Assyrian, as he pounded the front door with his fist, "our prospects of going to bed supperless may be pronounced first-rate. At all events, I give ne fair notice I shall attempt no more school-houses. Our apprehensions were groundless. The landlord speedily appeared, having fortunately just got into bed

as we began to knock. He took us into the kitchen, which was tolerably warm, and produced some cold meat and apple-pie. The Assyrian, considering the cruise at an end as soon as we landed on Mount Desert, had already taken back his verbal pledge of abstinence made at Puleit Harbor, and was desirous of warming him elf with something more heating than water. He therefore meekly asked the landlord if he couldn't give us comething to drink.

The deacon smiled, and suggested milk, "I have a weak stomach," said the Assyrian, "and never drink anything so strong as milk."

The deacen smiled still more blandly, and his smile expanded into a slight laugh as he proposed cold tes. "Bah!" said the disgusted Assyrian, "why don't

you offer us dishwater at once. Can't you give us some whisky?" "No." "Brandy? Ale?-cider?" "No-nothing of the kind." The dercon was inflexible, and we went to bed in a state of the most perfect sobriety.

Next morning after breakfast we hired of the descon one-horse wagon, and a quiet looking beast of a mare, to convey as to Bar Harbor on the north-east side of the island which we had satisfied ourselves by is quiry of the deacon's guests was the best place to stop at. A drive of several miles over a rough mountain-road brought us to Somesville, a village at the head of a broad sound which runs up into the island from the ocean, ten or twelve miles. Here we dined at the house of a publican, who was also a sinner, for, being a Democrat, he beld the Maine Law at defiance, and openly gloried in the impunity with which he daily violated it, though he had been repeatedly hawassed with presecutions.

After dinner, we drove for reveral miles through a forest where nothing living was visible but squirrels, rabbits, partridges, and an occasional engle souring overhead. We passed no house nor sign of human handiwork, except a ruined mill, near which, as we descended a steep hill, the harness of our conveyance broke. The deacen's mare, which up to this moment had been the most smisble and exemplary of animals. now manifested a frightful perversity of disposition. After a vigorous attempt to run away, which was builted by turning her head into the bushes that lined the road, she suddenly stood stock still, and commenced kicking with both of her bind legs, with a force, precision, and rapidity that resembled more the working of a powerful machine than anything of the animal nature. It was admirable to witness, but extremely inconvenient to submit to. In a minute the front part of the wagon was dashed to splinters, and the Artist and I, who occupied the front seat, the Ariet driving, were both badly braised. We jumped out, and soon quieted the mare, though not till the harness was broken in half a dozen places. As we were yet three or four miles from Bar Har-

ber, and there was no house for several miles behind us, and we had not a particle of cord or string with us with which to mend the harness, we found ourselves in something of a dilemma. Just at this moment a wagon, the first we had seen during the day's ride, appreached from the direction of Bar Harbor. There were two men in it, who stopped as they came to the scene of our disaster. The Assyrian uttered an exclamation, and sprang ferward with outstretched hands. They were classmates of his, whom he had not seen questions. The irritated Skipper, seizing him by the I since he left College, years before, and whom he least

of all expected to meet on a lonely road in the heart of

The rencounter was exceedingly opportune. They were guests at Bar Harbor, whither we were bound and they were now on their way to a lake, high up among the mountains, to fish for trout. With the aid of their lines we soon repaired the harness, and parting from our friends, who promised to bring us a mess of trout for supper, made our way without farther impediment to Bar Harbor, where we found excellent quarters in the house of Mr. Roberts, the Poetmaster and principal trader of the village. At this place, which adjoins the finest scenery of the island, we spent two days exploring the recesses of Otter Creek, whose wild mountain-passes equal in grandeur the Notch of the White Hills, and rambling about the gigantic cliffs of Great Head, Schooner Head, and the other bold rocky promontories, rising for bundreds of feet directly from the sea, which make the island so faccinating to the landscape and marine

Mount Desert has an area of about a hundred square miles, and is divided into three towns - Tremont, Eden, and Mount Desert. The population is not far from seven thousand, and a large part of the island is under cultivation. The northern part especially is remarkable for great roral beauty; but the center and south-east portions remain in native wildness, and are set the haust of the deer and the bear, though the latter animal is now rarely met with.

The sublime and remantic appearance of the island from the sea, on which its mountains are visible to a great distance, naturally attracted the attention of the earliest European navigators on our coast, and it 5g ares prominently in the narratives of the first French and English explorers. According to some accounts, a French colony and mission was established there as early as 1608, on the western side of the Sound, and flourished for five years or more, till it was destroyed by the English. There is a pictore of the ruins of this settlement and of the grave of the Jesnit Du Thet, in the Alpambay Uli Awikhikan, a Catholic prayer-book, published in New-York in 1858, for the benefit of the Penobecot, Passamaqu ddy, Micmac, and other tribes of the Abraki Indians, in whose language it is written. The first permanent settlement, however, of Mount Derert was made by Abraham Somes, in 1761, from whem the Sound, at the head of which he built his house, is to this day locally known as Somes's Sound.

Of late years, Mount Desert has become a favorite resort for artists and for sea-side Summer loungers. But it needs the hand of cultivated taste for the full development of its matchless natural beauties, which, at present, are to a great degree bidden by the mono:onous covering of an American forest of the secondary growth. The "forest primeval" has been cut down, and the woods that have succeeded it have neither grandeur nor variety. Half a century of judicious el-aring and still more jedicious sparing of the tress where they ought to be spared, surrounding these savage mountains with lovely glades and charming and yet stately groves, converting the swamps into rich meadows, and creating a picturesque and proper contrast of light and shade, of rural grase and of wild and stern grandeur, would make this island, with its mighty cliffs and somber ravines and multitudinous ocean benches, a place of pilgrimage from the ends of the ear h to all lovers of the beautiful and sublime in nature. It is impossible to conceive of any finer field for the exercise of the highest genius of the landscape gardener.

On the third day we rode back to the head of the cound, where we found the Helen at anchor. We left the mare and the wagon in charge of the Postmaster, and embarking, floated with the tide through scenery strikingly resembling the Hudson as it passes through the Highlands, to South-West Harbor. Here the Assyrian and I went ashore to settle with the Descon for the use of his mare, not without some misgivings that we might be embarrassed in effecting a settlement from the fact that we had not brought the animal back. The Deacon, however, readily received our statement of the case, and said he could send for the animal when he wanted her. We all sat down upon a log in a sort of ship-yard, near his premises, and, Yankoelike, whittled diligently while we discussed the term of payment, which, after a protracted session, were arranged liberally and satisfactorily.

Reembarking we made sail for Bar Harbor. The wind proving light and the corrents adverse, we made little progress, and were twelve or fourteen hours in going as many miles. About sunset, as we slowly rounded Schooner Head, I picked up a baited cod-line which lay on the deck, and dropped it overboard, merely to occupy myself with pulling it in again. It had run out to the extent of about two handred feet, pen, feeling a smart bite, I drew it up with a fine lively baddock weighing four pounds. This was the last of our sea-fishing. We reached the harbor at midnight, and our Summer cruise was ended. The next day I embarked on the steamer for Rockland and Boston, while the Artist and the Assyrian left the isl and by way of a bridge, which at its northern end connects Mount Desert with the mainland. The Professor and the scamen, after we bade them fare well, hoisted sail with a fair wind for Edgemoggin Reach and thence back to Portland and Swampscott, where they arrived in due time.

It is related of the Caliph Abdalraeman, the mightiest and most magnificent of the Moorish monarchs of Spain, that he wrote toward the close of his life the following declaration: "I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace: beloved by my subjects. dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation, I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot; they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world to

The Caliph Abdalrabman must have been hard to please. For my part, I can confidently say that turing our cruise I enjoyed at least twice as many happy days as fell to the lot of his Majesty during whole reign; and such, I am sure, would be the avowal, on their part, of my friends the Professor, the Artist and the Assyrian.

FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

Маимоти Сіту, Sept. 17, 1869. I wish to say a few words through your paper in regard to Mining, Climate, Soil, and Productions in this part of the Rocky Mountains. I have one or two corrections to make in my letter to you under date of Sept. 6. Quartz mills at Gregory's and vicinity are doing much bester now than they were, partly on account of their polygrizing the quartz fixer, but principally because they are using copper plates coated with quicksilver in their amalgamators. This discovery was recently found out, and copper-plate immediately went up to \$50 per pound. I wish to give you a few general figures for people in the States to ponder over. It is estimated that 200,000 perions have been in these mountains this year, for the purpose of making morey. It has cost each person, on an average, come and go, \$150; and the figures will stand thus:

Balance against the miners......\$20,000,000 This is exclusive of quartz mills, which have not paid any better in proportion to expenses. Quartz mills at Bowlder leads have entirely stopped on account of an oily stope in the quartz that prevented them from

e climate in the mountains is cool. Where I have spent the sesson, two miles from the Snewy Range d east of the Middle Park, the mercury has not stood over 70° in the shade at noon. The water and air are clear and gure; but, either because the air is so light, or or the want of vegetable diet, or both, a person canno do over two-thirds the work he can in the States. The place where I am writing is 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and a peak on the range two miles from here is 14 400 feet, by measurement made this Summer We have had frests about one-quarter of the nights

this Summer. Rain has been see

The soil is rich almost to the top of the mountains. The guiches are covered with timber. Spruce, pine, and baleam fir grow near the range, very tail, and

some of it 21 feet in diame er. I have seen here large black currants, herde grase, and red-top, 31 feet high. Some part of the Valt-v of the Plante raises the finest cabbages, onlone, and beets I ever saw.

If there is anything in these sime ments to ention persons to esserifice property or give up a good situation to come to the m untains and make 2 fortune, I hope they will do as the reconstructive and them. they will do so the very first opportunity, and thee they can see for themselves whether my statements are orrect or not.

S. H Ewell,

THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT AND LORD RENFREW.

To the Editor of Harpers Weekly Journal of Civilization Sin: As I am always inclined to think well of my

neighbors, and I am forced to think otherwise, I desire to believe that you wish in all you write, to do no injust'ce-utter no falsehood-plant no hatred, but disseminate just and liberal views of current events, and promote barmony and kind feeling among all the citizens of the Republic. It is, however, perhaps the melancholy necessity of

your profession as a journalist, that you are forever obliged to swim with the current of popular excite. ment, wherever it flows, and whether the favorice of the hour be Reeven the C ampion, Tommy the Japanthe hour be Recom the Crampion, Tommy the Japanese, Napoleon the Emperor, or Albert Edward the
Prince, it is your office to offer him incomes, channt his
praises, and denounce all who refuse to worship, nutil
the giddy multinder fliegs down that idol in a fix of
satisty and sets up another in its place.
For this reason, it is not incredible that you have
really thought as illiberally as you have written, in an
article in your issue of this day, entitled, "Our Irish
Soldiers." The 69th Regiment of New-York State
Militia, come sed, it as ems. main v. or wholly, of Irish-

Militia, come sed, its eme, main y, or wholly, of lish-men, declined to parade with the rest of the First Divi-sion, on the occasion of the military reception given to Baron Renfrew (sa he, with commendable delicacy, preferred to be called) on the day of his arrival in this

If in thus absenting themselves from that parade, the 69th Regiment committed the least breach of military discipline, it is to be hoped that due note has been taken

discipline, it is to be soped to a que note has been taken by the preper military authorities of the offense, and that justice, according to strict military law, will be done upon the offenders.

If it be the real purpose and object of the New-York State Militia to exhibit its uniforms and drill to all notabilities. European and Japanese, that may honor consists with a visit attempt one may be disposed to norabilities. In the case of separate, that has been our city with a viet; atthough one may be disposed to question the value of so expensive a toy jet, every individual actually entired in that service, is, no doubt, bound to follow the drum, up and down Broatway, and through all the dangerous passes and defiles in the

If he refuses to play his part in these vain and silly If he refuses to play his part in these want and siny pageants, let him he brought furthwith before a Drum-head Court Martisl opposite Barnun's, in Broadway, found guilty of mutiny, and then and there, as you sug-gest be summarily shot. Above all things, let the law be carried out, whatever it may be. So far we are agreed. But when you are ri that, apart from the question, whether or no these Irish militiamen bave violated any military dut, their refusal to parade in question, whether or no these Irish militiamen have violated any military duts, their refusal to parade in honor of the Prince of Wales (as you and his other subjects in New York persist in calling him) was an "it decency," a "definee of the unanimous sentiment of your peeple," "must render the Irish Regiment unpopular," and "cannot fail to exaspera e the public feeling against the Irish race," you cannot be surprised, if men of the Irish race are leave to question the authority of your judgment, and regard it as offensive, tyrranical, and unjust. What reas note a vongive that any man of the Irish race in the United States, or out of it, should voluntarily give honor and welcome to the heir of the British throne? The English nation has been the enemy of his race for hundreds of years. It has been the, not disayowed, policy of that nation to extirpate the Irish race from the Irish land and steadiasily, cruel y and ellently, through centuries of open war or treacherous peace, that policy has been pursued. He is here, poor, ignorant, an ontest, because that same policy is still steadfastly, cruelly silently, and successfully pursued to day. He dees not like England. He may not always be able to tell you why. But, by the sure in tinct of his race, he knows, that England, its Kings, and its Parliament, its press and its people, have been, and forever will be, his unrelenting foe.

Is he to be forced, in deference to your transjent fit he to be forced in deference to your transient fit of loyalty, to ignore the hi-tory, tradition, memories of his race, and parade himself in ostenutions welcome to the representative of his immemorial enemy, because that representative happens to be your idol of an hour? that representative happens to be your idel of an hour?
If Francis Joseph of Austria or Napoleon III. of
France were to visit the United States, as d New-York
again fall into a parexysm of loyalty, as I have no
denot it would do, would the Haugarian exile or the
French rep blican escaped from Cayenne incur your
displeasure if he decided to parace and abuse himself
in honor of the potentate whose power was to him an
object of detectation? Do you think that when a
foreigt-born man comes here he is bound to leave all
his treasured memories behild him, to strip his character of its validity, to destroy his own identity and remold and refushion his nature after your model? If
any authority in this Republic, he it President or any authority in this Resublic, he it President or people, press or public opinion, should resume thus to ictate to the foreign born citizens of this nation, then u hauthority would be an insult, a cruel, degrading espotism, and it ought to fall.

The 69th Regiment, mark you, and the Irish race, have offered no affr int to the heir apparent of the British Throne. It would be an indelicacy and an affront to you, and such as thick with you. We left you to your exuberant loyalty; we held aloof; we declined to participate in it; we did not feel it and we scorned to participated to it. We do not see it and we control to circulate. We thought that, in its extravagant adulation of a lad of ninescen the City of New York overstepped the bounds of dignified hospitality, and made itself, for the time, a laughing-stock to civilized nations. You have had your way, without let or hindrance from us—what more can you require!

You entreat "Irishmen of influence, for their own

sakes, to reflect on the attitude of the Irish race in this country." This sounds like a menace, and you mean country." This sounds like a menace, and you mean it as such. You say:
"We have for nearly a quarter of a century been receiving even." We have size a them.

they could have obtained at home; and political rights equal to those which are any yed by the sons of the best and noblest Americans. They have cone to us steep d in ignorance and su-pervision. We have let them have their pricets and their churches, and when function Protestants have tried to discurb them are have resisted it and have successfully protected them in what we believe to be a mistaken course."

What does all this mean? Who are the humans

bet efactors of the Irish race indicated by this mysterious "we"? Is it the Editors Harpers' Weekly Journal of Civilization? You have given us nothing—nothing that I can think of but hard words. English in education p littles, opinions, you but repro-duce, in a ciluted but still noxious form, the prejudices, calumnies, and malice of the English press, in whose ose-off ideas you are content to clothe yourselves. Do you mean by "ee" the people of this Rapublic? Who gave you authority to apeak in their name? Between the people of this Rapublic and the trish race within its limits no distinction can exist. The Irishborn citizens of the United States are as much citizens as your as much an integral part of the American peo-ple; as much entitled to speak and act on behalf of the American Nation as you. They are each of them, now what your father or grandfather was, an immi-grant. The Irish immigrant may be poor, and edu-cated only to coarse tell. He is none the less useful on cared only to coarse toil. He is none the less useful on that account than yourself. He gives, in his lifetime, to this netion the labor of his hands, and he is paid for it. You give the labor of your brains, and you are paid for it. Lock well that you, in your way, countibute no less solid help, and do no more mischief to the Republic than he. In y ur eyes, he is rough, uncouth, and intel gant, for you have learned too readily to look down with stisteratic haughtness on the plabian industry that hardens the bane and brings the dust and sweat of honest toil upon the brow. Think you this nation would be what it is to day but for the coming of tion would be what it is to-day but for the usar de such as he? Had all Ivien immigrante thouser do such as he? Had all I sich immigrants been graduates of Oxford, where would be now your farms, radreads, cannot and e ties of the West? This nation owes as a nich to I rish immigration as I rish immigrants owe to it. If the Republic has given them hard, they have tilted the land. If it has given them work to do, they have done the work. If it has paid them good wages, they have carnot those wages well.

We of the I ish race are not here on charity, or sufference or teleration, but of risk. The saffarme

sufference, or toleration, but of right. The selfsame right trat your sneestors had, though they may have come in the Mayflower. The land lay barren and useless to man waiting for the labor that should give it life and ferrility. That labor we have come to give. it life and ferrility. That I shor we have come to give. We have come to help to be 11 up a free republic, not for your use alone, but for the selves and our children. You say we are "sleeped in ignorance and superstition." If I rishmen be ignorant, it is no fants of their own, but the fatal result of that British misgovernment which they are not inclined to forget, and of the details of which you are, no doubt, profoundly ignorant. By their superstition, you mean that they ignorant. By their superstition, you mean that the are Roman Catholics. They still worship God in form in which all Christendem worshiped up to 300 years ago. In that same form, France, Austria, Sardinia, Seily, Spain, Be gium-139,000,000 of souls—worship still.

Superstition is the shadow of all strong faith. Neither knowledge por ignorance can claim examption Neither knowledge por ignorance can claim exemption from the disease. But it was well be questioned whether any superstition of frish Catholics is as pestilent as was witchburning of old or Spiritualism, Mornonism, or Free Love, the noxious offshoot of New-England thought.

'You say you have let us have our priests and our churcher.'' Not so. We worsnip tool here, in such